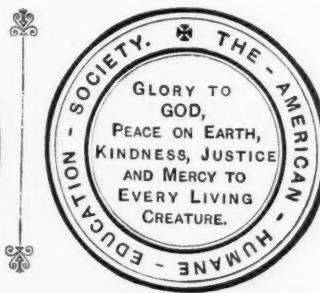


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Educational Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



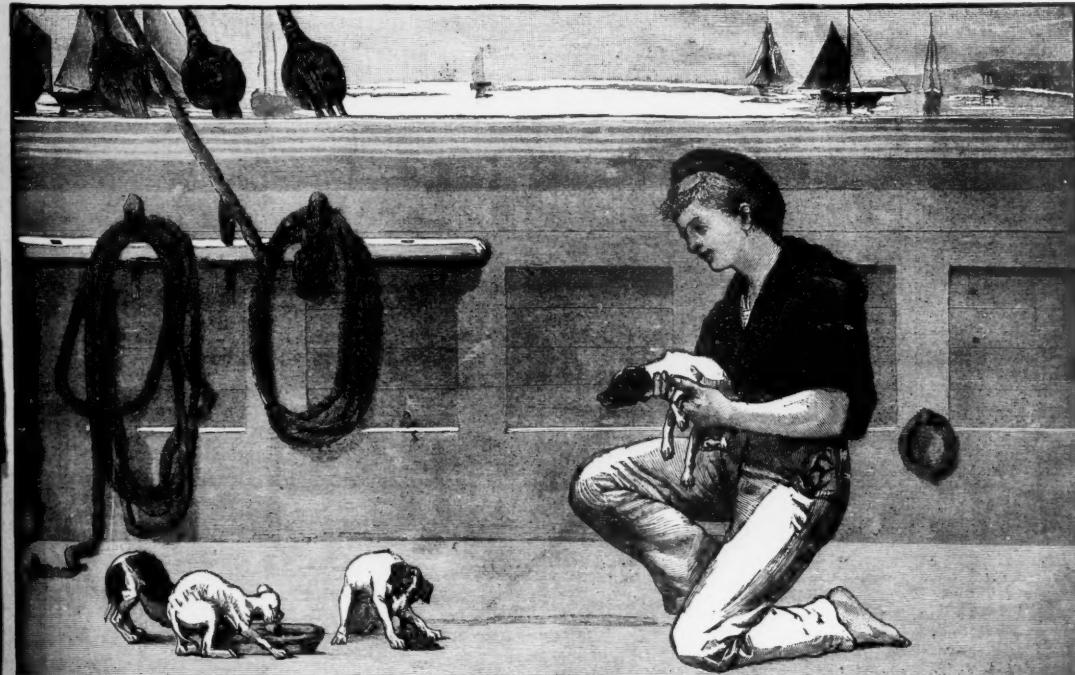
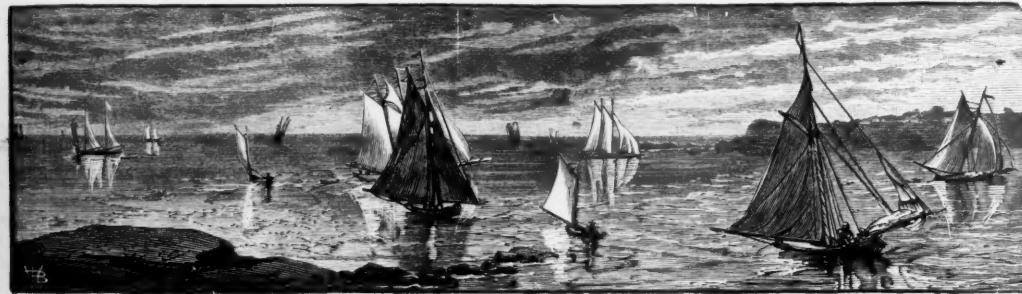
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, July, 1891.

No. 2.



"SAILORS' PETS."

We are indebted for the beautiful cuts on this page to *D. Lothrop Co.*, of Boston, publishers of those excellent serials, "Wide Awake," "Pansy," "Little Men and Women," "Baby Land," etc., etc.

YALE COLLEGE.

The following, cut from "*The Boston Globe*" of June 2nd, is another proof of the need of the work of our "American Humane Education Society" in our colleges, and of the formation there of "Legions of Honor" pledged, in the old words of chivalry, to "protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 1.—The students of Yale University, 1000 strong, received Barnum & Bailey's great show this morning.

The street parade began about 9 o'clock, and arrived at the campus just as the morning recitations were being dismissed.

The students, however, were prepared, and two hundred of them had their pockets bulging with torpedoes, purchased from a dealer near the campus, who had laid in a large stock of extra large ones.

* * * * *
No sooner had the head of the procession turned the corner than torpedoes were thrown in showers.

The horses began to jump, rear, and plunge at the bursting of the torpedoes, which was augmented by the frequent discharge of fire-crackers and blowing of horns.

The drivers of the first three art chariots handled their horses with coolness, and managed to urge them by the crowd of yelling students.

The bands played as hard as possible, and it was not until the players were utterly besieged with the crackling missiles that they ceased playing and hid below the benches.

A woman representing a Goddess of Liberty, riding on top of one of the wagons, was compelled to retire from her position.

It was not until the chariot bearing

the jubilee singers came along that any serious consequences seemed apparent.

This chariot was drawn by six gray horses, and the first torpedo that struck the flank of the leaders set the horses plunging madly. As the torpedoes came thicker and faster, the whole six were almost instantly engaged in a desperate attempt to bolt onto the sidewalk.

* * * * *

The cages containing wild animals came next, and were greeted with a fusillade of torpedoes, which caused them to roar loudly. Lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, wildcats, and wolves all howled at once, and rushed wildly about the cages regardless of the lashings of their keepers.

It was only by the most brutal clubbings that the keepers succeeded in keeping the infuriated animals from attacking them.

When the elephants came along they were made the especial target for the missiles, which fell upon them in handfuls, and for the second time danger seemed imminent, for the big brutes began to beat the air with their trunks, bellowing their anger, and one became so frightened that it started directly for the crowd.

There was a scattering among the students, who rushed into stores and sought safety from the infuriated beasts. The elephant gave no heed to the shouts of his keeper, and minded not a whit the hook which was firmly imbedded in his ear; beating the air with his trunk, he stood bellowing on the sidewalk, and refused to move for several minutes.

In the meantime the students had dispersed, and, satisfied that serious results might follow their escapade, ceased to throw torpedoes.

There were several instances where lady riders lost their seats, and were only saved from falling to the ground by the care of attendants. Several horses were so badly frightened that they left the procession and dashed wildly down the streets.

Can anything meaner or more contemptible be imagined than the conduct of these two hundred intellectually educated young men, in the presence of eight hundred more of their companions, who did not raise a hand or voice to prevent.

If that is the kind of education given at New Haven, God be praised that *Lincoln*, *Grant*, and *Garfield*—noted for their humanity to dumb creatures—were educated in a different school.

But how is it at Harvard University?

We saw in the Boston daily papers, a few days since, that a fire in one of the worst holes near Boston had revealed a dog fight, where dog fights were gotten up for the special benefit of *Harvard* students. And now we find in the papers that the proprietor of two of our largest and best hotels—"Parker's" and "Young's"—has decided that no more large bodies of "*Harvard* students" will be permitted to dine at either of his hotels.

If this is the kind of men that our foremost universities and colleges are sending out, it is high time for their teachers to drop a few of their Greek roots and mathematical formulae, and turn their attention to practical plans of converting these college hoodlums and semi-barbarians into good law-abiding and humane citizens.

It may be said that these charges only apply to a portion of the students.

I answer: Then for the honor of American education, let all such be promptly expelled, and let no student of good character permit himself to associate or be associated with them.

In behalf of the interests which I have the honor to represent, I do most respectfully ask the upwards of eight thousand editors to whom this paper is now monthly sent, to use their influence to impress upon the presidents and professors of our universities and colleges the importance to our country and the world of more humane education.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society.

HARVARD STUDENTS.

(From "The Pacific Ensign," San Francisco, June 11.)

The students of Harvard are acquiring an enviable reputation for rowdyism and ungentlemanly conduct. At the Parker House, Boston, a few evenings ago, an organization composed of Harvard students indulged in a spree which kept the guests in the house awake all night; a waiter was seriously injured, and the whole party had to be ejected from the hotel by the police. The proprietors of this and Young's Hotel have notified the faculty of Harvard University, that hereafter no party of Harvard men will be entertained at these hotels. This is certainly a deplorable state, when the students of one of the leading universities of the United States, and one which claims for itself the highest educational rank, should so conduct themselves as to be excluded from respectable houses.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

(From "Boston Herald," June 18.)

"A midnight raid on a professor's house, with a view to putting him in a bag and shaving off his whiskers, may be what they call preparing young men for college up at Phillips Exeter Academy, but it deserves to be deemed a pretty good fit for a penitentiary."

We advise the professors of Phillips Academy to devote a little more time to *humane* education, and the establishing, in place of "Greek letter" societies, "*Legions of Honor*," such as we have often urged in these columns, to build up in our higher seminaries and colleges what our "*Bands of Mercy*" are building in other schools, a spirit of chivalry, such as induced the knights of the Middle Ages to stand before altars with uplifted hands and pledge themselves "to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE AND FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

"They had quite a tumultuous time on the last night of the session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Giant crackers and fire crackers were touched off in the Assembly chamber while members were speaking, and cats, owls, and crows were shied about with an abandon that would have disgraced a lot of schoolboys. Our own Legislature may be open to the charge of *lingering long*, but when it finally gets ready to adjourn it don't make a menagerie of itself."—*Boston Herald*, June 4th, 1891.

We wonder how many ladies were present.

We have had the pleasure of attending two meetings of "*The National Grange*," in the State House at Richmond, Va., and at Washington, D. C.

They were composed of the Masters of all the State Granges in the United States and their wives.

We heard interesting addresses and discussions, and they listened attentively to what we said in regard to the importance of teaching kindness to dumb animals, and there were no "cats, owls, or crows shied," in which particular "*The National Grange*" differed from the *Legislature of Pennsylvania*.

If the "*Farmers' Alliance*" should ever get control in Pennsylvania, we trust they will elect as their representatives, men or women, or both, who will not disgrace that great and influential Commonwealth.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SAILORS' PETS.

The life of a sailor, though at times full of excitement and danger, is, as a general thing, dull and monotonous. When the weather is fine, or when the ship is at anchor in some harbor, the sailors often find the time hang heavily on their hands. It is natural, therefore, that they are glad of anything that will help them to pass the time. That is why they enjoy telling stories, or "spinning yarns" as they call it; and it also explains their fondness for pets, as thus described by the *New York Morning Journal*:

"Where's Jim?"

"On the spar-deck, I suppose. Hey, Jim, Jim!"

A sleek black cat leaped from the top of one of the ten-pounders on the United States corvette Kearsarge and scampered below in answer to the call of a grizzled old sailor.

"Jim" is the ship's pet. Every man-of-war has its pet, and for two years a big black cat has filled the place in the affections of the sailors on the Kearsarge. Jim went to South America with the ship.

"That cat," said Capt. Horace Elmer before the ship left the dock, "will do more to keep the men contented than anything I can do. The mere fact that Jim, as the men call him, is given permission to have the run of the ship delights the men. They have trained him, and during leisure moments they watch his antics with pleasure."

The pet on the cruiser Yorktown is a monkey. He is a frisky youngster and an expert climber. He can get to the top of the mainmast in less than twenty seconds, if he is feeling first rate. The monkey has been trained to play tricks on the crew. He has a funny way of tickling the ear of a sleeping sailor with the end of his tail. If any one loses a plug of tobacco it can generally be found hidden in the rigging. When the hiding place is discovered the monkey breaks out into a chatter that shows how he appreciates the fun.

Billy, the goat, was the pet of the Galena for nearly two years. During the period he never left the ship. When the ship was in port the sailors would take turns getting grass and clover for the goat, and they always got a goodly supply ahead when it was known that the ship would soon sail. Some time ago, through the strategy of certain members of the crew who had been detailed to the Baltimore, Billy was smuggled away from the Galena to the Baltimore.

A pair of white rats have the run of the Monongahela. They have been aboard ship for nearly a year. For some reason the smaller of the two rats stood in wholesome fear of Lieutenant-Commander Gibson. Whenever the officer appeared the rat would crouch in a dark corner in terror. Both of the rats were on very friendly terms with Lieutenant Bolles.

"You ought to see the rats run a race on the main deck," said an old sailor. "We get them in trim for a race by offering them a small piece of cheese, and taking a larger piece forward. Two of the boys hold the rats, and at the word 'go' they get under way and go scampering down. The first rat to reach the cheese gets it."

A cock was the pet of the boys on the Charleston until recently. It was trained to crow every time the ship's bell struck, and did it most lustily.

The Enterprise has a black cat aboard. It is the best fighter of any cat in the service, so the trainer says.

There is a parrot on the Chicago that can rattle off the vernacular of the sailor-man without making a break. He shouts "Go b'lown!" whenever the sky is overcast and the sea heavy. Snatches from "*Pinafore*" have been picked up by the bird, and he can sing three lines of the "Cumberland's Crew."

THE GALENA'S HEROIC CAT.

A Key West, Fla., despatch says: Saturday morning the Galena swung out into the channel to give place to the Yantic at the pier. Just as the last line was cast off a sailor forward, who undoubtedly had a grudge against the ship's pet cat, seized her and threw her upon the pier.

It was too late for pussy to regain her place, and in her distress at seeing the ship slowly moving away she ran frantically up and down the dock, crying sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly above the bustle incident upon getting the vessel in motion.

The ship was fifty feet away when puss suddenly turned, and, springing from the pier, struck out boldly for the vessel, making for a ladder which was still hanging over the side. In a moment she was clinging to the lowest step, unable to raise herself out of the water. Something like a cheer went up from the crowd who had witnessed her heroic action, and a sailor stationed near, dropping down the ladder, seized the half-drowned cat and landed her safely on deck.

Puss had earned promotion, and if she fails to walk the quarter deck it will be because heroism is not appreciated in the navy.

Beautiful extract—Helping a young lady out of a mud puddle,



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over ten thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of *Band of Mercy Songs*.

3. *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

4. *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BEEN A-FISHING.

We are indebted to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Publishers of "Wide Awake" and lots of other monthlies, for this picture.

BEEN A-FISHING.

(From *Autobiographical Sketches* by Geo. T. Angell.)

On the evening of October 29, 1879, I had the pleasure of addressing the Legislature of Vermont in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Montpelier.

Just before going to the hall, the Governor took me by the hand, and said: "Did you know, when you and my brother used to go fishing I was the boy that went with you to carry the fish and the bait?" I said, "No." "I was the boy," said he.

Then he was Governor of Vermont, and now is the United States Secretary of War.

The small boy in the above picture may some day hold equally responsible positions.

A PHONOGRAPH THAT LACKED DISCRETION.

Gen. George Pearson, ex-Gov. Beaver's private secretary, is another victim of the phonograph. While at Harrisburg he made frequent use of the instrument, and often entertained his friends with cornet solos, marches, and operatic airs. One day a relative of the same cognomen, George, visited the governor's office with his best girl. The secretary was out, and the young man, who understood it, started the phonograph for the young lady's edification. Securing a new cylinder, he told the maid to talk into the tube. She did so somewhat in this vein: "I love you, George." George kisses her, and the phonograph records the smack. "Will you always be constant and true?" lisped the maid, and another kiss went on record. That evening Secretary Pearson took his wife and a party of friends to his office. They listened to Levy play the cornet, Gilmore's band, and heard Dr. Talmage tell of his trip abroad. Then the luckless secretary placed the cylinder used by the lovers on the instrument, "to see what it was," and heard. So did Mrs. Pearson and her friends. It took Mr. Pearson some time to explain the matter to his wife's satisfaction.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A FISHER BOY DROWNED IN BOSTON HARBOR.

ANOTHER WOULD HAVE BEEN BUT FOR A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG RESCUING HIM.

There is a big, shaggy Newfoundland dog belonging to Thomas McFee, of East Boston. But for his presence, Saturday morning, Patrick Connolly, a 15-year-old boy whose home is at 2 Castle Court, East Boston, would probably not be living to tell of the dog's service, and it was certainly not through any fault of the animal that John Murphy, aged 16, whose home was at 318 North St., was drowned. The boys were employed as fishermen

by Mr. McFee, and lived at Green Island in the harbor, their only companion being the Newfoundland dog. They had been on the island but three days, and Saturday morning their boat drifted away from the shore. It had floated too far out to think of swimming after it, and the only thing in the shape of a boat on the place was a castaway skiff about six feet long, whose timbers were warped. Murphy took this boat, and started off alone, but was recalled by Connolly, who went with him and took the dog. The rest of the story is best told by the surviving lad: "We had not gone 50 yards from shore when the boat became almost full of water. I tried to ball her with my hat, but the water came in too fast. We saw that we would have to swim, so I kicked off my rubber boots as the boat filled and sank, and by clinging to the dog's collar was taken ashore. Murphy could swim well, but he had on a pair of heavy fisherman's boots, which dragged him down. He swam almost to the shore, when he shouted that he could go no farther. Then I tried to reach him with my suspenders, but they were not long enough. I did not have a pole or a rope near at hand, so I flung a stone at the place where he went down for the first time and sent the dog in. Murphy caught the dog, but instead of catching the dog's collar he grabbed him around the neck. The dog was tired after hauling me ashore, and was not able to bear the weight, so they both sank. The dog came up and reached the shore, but Murphy was drowned within a few feet of where I was standing."

The harbor police were notified by a man named August Johnson, one of the two referred to by Connolly, and Capt. Bragton went down and brought up the surviving boy, the dog, and the dead body of Murphy. Young Connolly was much affected when he landed, but the shaggy Newfoundland scampered around and shook his wet coat as if it was an everyday occurrence.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*, May 11, 1891.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Rev. Mr. Johnson, a Methodist minister stationed at Rolling Prairie, Ind., gives this account of a narrow escape he once had from being buried alive. He was located in Lafayette, Ind., some twenty years ago, when he was taken very sick. He lingered for a long time, but his life was despaired of by his friends, and finally, to all appearances, he died. Preparations were made for the funeral, and in due time the body was placed in a casket, and was awaiting burial. At this time Rev. Mr. Joyce (now Bishop Joyce) came into the room to look at the remains. He failed to close the door after him, and shortly after his entrance a gust of wind blew it to with a force that caused quite a loud noise. He was looking intently at the features of the supposed dead friend when the noise occurred, and to his great astonishment plainly saw the eyes of the man in the coffin nervously move. This led to investigation and the discovery that the man was still alive. The work of restoration was begun at once, and resulted in his complete recovery. Mr. Johnson feels that he owes his almost miraculous rescue from the horrors of being buried alive to the visit and observation of his friend, Bishop Joyce.

[The father of the editor of this paper, also a clergyman, had, as has been stated in these columns, a similar narrow escape from being buried alive.—EDITOR.]

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and sixty-eight new branches* of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of *ten thousand three hundred and seventy-four*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about eight thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

\$1000—BLEEDING CALVES.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," I offer *fifty prizes of twenty dollars each* for evidence by which the Society shall convict persons of the illegal bleeding of calves in Massachusetts before they are killed.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy.

19 Milk Street, Boston, March, 1891.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

Some days I have over two hundred letters, and over one hundred magazines, newspapers, etc.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A VERY IMPORTANT PLAN.

Among our plans for the coming Fall and Winter is this: to employ a gentleman of the highest educational rank—a gentleman who will be welcomed by all American educators—a gentleman eloquent and humane—to visit *all our large cities* and address their teachers on the importance of *humane education* and "*Bands of Mercy*" in all their schools.

Also, to visit our leading universities and colleges, and—as we had the pleasure of doing to some extent personally many years ago—address their faculties and students on the same subject, and urge the importance of adding to their Greek letter societies "*Legions of Honor*," for whose membership there shall be but one requirement, "*character*," and whose pledge shall be, *in the old words of chivalry*, "*to protect the defenceless and maintain the right*."

We know the man who can do this, but his time is valuable and he cannot afford to work for small pay.

How far we shall be able to employ him will depend upon the gifts of the friends of our "*American Humane Education Society*," and we now respectfully ask them to carefully consider the importance of this matter, and give as they can afford.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE WHOLE IN A NUTSHELL.

What is your object, Mr. Angell?

Answer. To humanely educate the American people for the purpose of stopping *every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals. That is my object.*

How do you propose to do it?

Answer. *1st.* By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs, and stories, through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "*Our Dumb Animals*" and "*Black Beauty*," all over this country.

2d. By the employment of missionaries, forming "*Humane Societies*" and *hundreds of thousands of "Bands of Mercy"* in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the *over ten thousand* we have already formed.

3d. By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that *every kind word they speak or kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.*

4th. By building up in our colleges, schools, and elsewhere a *spirit of chivalry and humanity*, which shall in coming generations *protect the defenceless and maintain the right.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PROSECUTIONS.

Our Boston agents have dealt during the past month with 271 complaints of cruelty, taken 29 horses from work, and mercifully killed 55 horses and other animals.

DOCKING.

Take a fine, noble-spirited horse, cut off the hair of his tail bob short, put him in harness with a short check-rein, hitch him in the sun where the thermometer is as high as ninety, and where flies are plenty! If he is a horse of common sense, he will take the first opportunity to run away and destroy your carriage, and dash out your brains (*if you have any*).—*Brooklyn Star.*

VIVISECTION.

An old receipt for cooking a hare begins "*first catch the hare.*"

To arrive at right conclusions in regard to vivisection, the first step is to get the public to take sufficient interest to investigate it.

There is reason to believe that nine-tenths of all that has been hitherto printed on the subject has been practically wasted, because *not read by those whom it was intended to reach.*

The human mind is so constituted that conflicts, either on the base-ball ground or in politics or theology, will attract vastly larger audiences than any *one-sided game or statement.*

Very few Protestants ever read a Roman Catholic religious paper, and very few Roman Catholics ever read a Protestant religious paper; but let two prizes of *two hundred and fifty dollars each* be offered for the two ablest essays, one attacking and the other defending the Roman Catholic Church,—publish both in one pamphlet—and they are quite likely to be widely republished throughout the country, and read by millions.

This view led us to offer on behalf of our "*American Humane Education Society*" a prize of \$250 for the best essay opposing vivisection, and the same sum for the best essay advocating it, and now leads us to publish both together, deciding by lot which shall take precedence in the pamphlet.

Believing as we do that we are on the right track, we should now be glad to send a copy of these two essays to *every physician—allopathic, homopathic, and eclectic*—in the United States, and to the editors of some *fifteen thousand* American newspapers and magazines; but the funds in the treasury of our "*American Humane Education Society*" are no more than we want for the security of work already undertaken.

If any of our friends think with us that these essays should have this wide circulation, and that they can afford to aid, we shall be glad to receive such sums as they care to give for that purpose. We shall sell these essays to those who want to pay for them at two cents a copy, and we shall send gratuitously a copy post paid to every person who wishes to read them.

HANNIBAL, MO.

Our American Humane Education Society's missionary, now at work in Missouri, Mr. C. S. Hubbard, writes us of formation of a very promising "*Humane Society*" and 45 "*Bands of Mercy*" in Hannibal, Missouri. President of humane society, Lyman P. Munger; secretary, John T. Holme. We are glad to send them our humane literature, badges, etc.

Also, that he has formed numerous "*Bands of Mercy*" and a promising "*Humane Society*," of which Dr. N. M. Bassett is president and W. B. Stewart secretary, at Moberly, Missouri.

WHY BIRDS ARE GETTING SCARCE.

We find in the "*New York Tribune*" one answer: that much of the trouble is because boys shoot them in the hatching season and *steal their eggs.*

The way to stop this is to form "*Bands of Mercy*" in all our country towns.

MRS. LOVELL'S LETTER.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell's letter to boys and girls in May "*Our Dumb Animals*" can be had by writing us or the Providence, R. I., Society P. C. A., at a dollar a hundred.

465,000 COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

This month we add another edition, carrying the total to 465,000 printed and printing, in a little over a year from publication, *probably more than double the number of copies ever printed of any book in America, and perhaps in the world, in the same length of time from publication.*

The prices of "Old Gold" edition are *six cents* at our offices, *ten cents* when sent by mail; "Terra Cotta" and "Board" editions, on thicker paper, *twelve cents* at our offices, and *twenty cents* when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on 1000 copies rarely exceed half a cent to a cent per copy. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

Our Italian and German editions of "Black Beauty" will soon be in print, the Spanish and French somewhat later.

TEN COMPLETE SETS OF TYPE.

We have already *five* complete sets of type of "Black Beauty," but as they are getting somewhat worn, we have contracted for a resetting of the whole book with new type, and shall soon have ten complete sets.

TO AID THE CIRCULATION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We need \$100,000 to circulate this book in every city and town in the United States and Territories, and another \$100,000 to circulate it in the Spanish language in the various Spanish-speaking nations of North and South America.

We shall be glad to have our friends suggest the names of wealthy persons whom we might possibly persuade to help our "American Humane Education Society" in the distribution of this book.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

ITALIAN BAND OF MERCY IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We are glad to learn by letter from Father Luigi Paroli, pastor of the "Italian Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Ghost," of Providence, that he has established a large Italian band of mercy in his Sunday school. We hope, through our "American Humane Education Society," to reach some time every Roman Catholic as well as every Protestant Sunday school on this great continent of North and South America.

REV. FATHER LUIGI PAROLI.

We have received a most interesting letter from the reverend father above named, who is pastor of the Italian Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Ghost, at Providence, R. I., and president of "Band of Mercy" No. 10,206, on the importance of humane education, and how it leads the children, properly instructed through *mercy to God's lower creatures*, up to reverence and love for the Supreme Being who created them.

From the close of the letter we take the following:

"*May this work, already so wide spread, overflow and inundate all the world!*"

"*May the 'Bands of Mercy' become the most powerful army of the world!*"

"*O happy days to come! the death of every war!*"



ON THE CHARLES RIVER, NEAR BOSTON.

By kind permission of D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

"O fair face, oh rapturous countenance, of the sweetly, Christianly, educated human family, let our eyes look happily upon thee—let us finally to the song of hope of to-day add the songs of a total victory and imperishable joy and happiness!"

We have written Father Paroli that we are encouraged to hope that in this grand march of mercy and humanity, the church to which he belongs will speak with no uncertain voice to its communicants all over the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CIRCULATION OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Our smallest monthly issue last year was *thirty-six thousand*, our largest, *seventy-five thousand*.

This included the sending of it *monthly* to the editors of about *fourteen thousand* American newspapers and magazines.

To many thousands of kind notices given us by the editors of these papers and magazines, we are indebted for the immense circulation of "Black Beauty," of which we have printed and printing in *fifteen months* from its publication *four hundred and sixty-five thousand* copies—probably more than double the number ever printed of any book in the world within the same length of time from publication.

FROM A PRESIDING ELDER.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA., June 12, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I am a presiding elder of "The Methodist Episcopal Church." I have seen "Our Dumb Animals," and am delighted with it. Please send the following, for which I enclose draft. I have thirty-four ministers in this district. We meet in conference July 1 and 2. If you will send me matter to advertise your Christly work, I will gladly appeal to them and the laymen present to help the mercy movement. May God bless you more and more.

W. S. HOOKER.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A letter from Rev. Arthur Lawrence, of Stockbridge, Mass., enclosing annual subscriptions for forty copies of "Our Dumb Animals" for a Sunday school, reminds us to say how glad we are to see that our paper is being largely adopted in Sunday schools.

A LETTER THAT HELPS, FROM A GOOD FRIEND.

FLUSHING, June 15, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President:

Dear Friend,—I send you a check of two hundred dollars, to use as you think best, knowing well that with you it will do good work.

I can only write a few lines, as my hand is very feeble.

Hoping you are well, I remain,
Yours truly,

SARAH R. OSGOOD.

We put the above at once into our "American Humane Education Society," to help make up the million of dollars the Society needs.

G. T. A.

IT GIVES US PLEASURE

To acknowledge the reception of \$25 from Mrs. Douglas, of Orange, New Jersey, to send copies of "Black Beauty" to D. L. Moody's Boys' School at Northfield, Mass., and \$24 from Mrs. Barnard, of Lynn, to send copies to an Indian Agency in Dakota; also, \$50 from Mrs. Barnard, to be used in the general work of our "American Humane Education Society." We wish we were able to present a copy of "Black Beauty" to each of some 60,000 students in our American colleges and universities.

A CAT SENDS OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY TWENTY DOLLARS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—You cannot imagine my surprise when I opened the paper, "Our Dumb Animals," and my eye fell upon the picture of our dear little pet. We think it very good. He lies close by me, and looks that which he cannot say in words, viz., "Tell Mr. Angell I do appreciate the honor of having my likeness put in his paper, and I want him to accept from me a trifle to be used by him in his good work for my dumb friends, which I herewith inclose."

Yours respectfully,
ANNIE L. LOWRY.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON.

We are glad to receive a check from a good lady living in this beautiful town, for copies of "Black Beauty" to be sent to each of *forty Indian schools*. In the light of occurrences mentioned in another column, it looks as though there is greater need of humane literature in our colleges and universities than in *Indian schools*. We doubt whether such acts of barbarism can be paralleled in any *Indian* or *heathen* school in the world.

SHOOTING OUR SONG BIRDS.

I have recently learned that two men have been engaged in shooting our beautiful song birds in the vicinity of Boston, and selling their skins to milliners. They have already shot and sold over 800 birds.

Our officers are after them, and I have offered *four hundred dollars* in prizes for evidence that will enable us to convict them and others of the same kind. I have published this in various Boston papers.

Any persons who will give evidence to aid us in stopping this *infernal shooting and selling of our song birds to milliners* will be doing a humane act approved by all good people, and I shall be most glad to pay them the prizes offered.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

A SENSIBLE REQUEST.

We are glad to see the following, which appeared in Boston daily papers of June 20, commented on by "*The Evening Record*," with its nearly *ninety thousand* circulation, largely among those who hire and use horses, as a "*sensible request*":—

FOR HORSES AND CATS.

Will you kindly permit me to ask your readers during the hot weather to endeavor, so far as possible, to hire those hedges and other carriages which have the best-looking horses, and avoid hiring, so far as possible, all hedges and carriages having poor-looking horses?

Will you also kindly ask your readers who may be leaving their city houses for the country to see that their family cats are humanely provided for, so far as possible, during their absence?

I am told by a police officer this morning that during the summer many homeless cats come under his observation in a half-starved and miserable condition.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ARSENIC IN COLORED TICKETS.

The following from "*Boston Herald*," of June 2d, and other Boston dailies, may be just as useful elsewhere:—

To the *Editor of the Herald*: Seeing a horse railroad conductor put a bunch of bright green tickets in his mouth to-day, while he made change for other passengers, led me to tell him that all these bright colored tickets are *liable* to contain, and *most of them do contain*, large quantities of arsenic, and that it is very dangerous to hold them in the mouth.

I should like to give the same caution to other persons who have occasion to handle these colored tickets.

If any one wishes further information on the subject, I shall be pleased to have them call on me at the offices of the S. P. C. A., 19 Milk Street.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD FOR LYNN SCHOOLBOYS.

We find in Lynn, Mass., "*Item*" an account of a cow trying to get through one of the streets with her leg tied to her head by a rope *a foot and a half long*. The writer, a lady, asked in vain several men to relieve the cow, but presently some schoolboys came along and cut the rope at once.

Then the writer felt the spirit of humanity descend like a dove; and, calling the crowd of children, who by this time numbered twenty-five at least, round the door, gave them a short talk on kindness to dumb animals and the doing of kindly deeds. Every one was an eager listener, and when the remarks closed gave a hearty cheer and went quietly away, talking the matter over among themselves.

LOVERS OF ANIMALS."

A little innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place. "Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell 'kitten.' 'K-double-i-t-e-n,'" said Mabel. "Kitten" has two i's, then, has it?" "Yes, ma'am; our kitten has." — *Chicago Herald*.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Of all the orations delivered in this country on *Memorial Day*, we doubt whether one can be found more eloquent than that of *Mary A. Livermore*, in "*Tremont Temple*," Boston, before "*Edward W. Kinsley Post of The Grand Army of the Republic*," and which we find printed in full in "*The Boston Globe*," of May 31st, and of which the *Globe* says:—

"The portrayal by Mrs. Livermore of scenes in army life affected many of the audience to tears; old veterans were seen to remove their eye-glasses and wipe away the drops of sympathy; even some mere lads wearing the Bay State's blue dropped tears on the new white helmets held in their hands. Her brilliant effort was frequently interrupted with applause, and at the conclusion of her address the applause was long continued."

We wish this oration could be read from every pulpit and to every school in the land, that not only the "*Bands of Mercy*" we are forming all over this country, but all others, North, South, East, and West, shall stand ready to denounce every politician who may seek to again involve this nation in civil or other needless war.

Commander Hall, in introducing Mrs. Livermore, said:

"Comrades and Friends.—On the morning following the fall of Fort Sumter, above the din of the rejoicing in the South, was heard the call of Abraham Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers. The next day, in prompt answer to the call, recruits came pouring into Boston from all parts of our State."

"Among the crowd that watched them as they filed through our streets a woman stood, with thrilling heart, and praying, 'Oh, that I may be a hand, a foot, an eye, a voice, an influence on the side of freedom and my country!'

"That woman's devotion to her country's service in the awful years that followed is known through the land. To thousands of soldiers, sick and wounded, despairing, suffering, dying in the hospitals and on the field of battle, her suffering hand and foot brought relief, hope, and comfort, her eye and voice sympathy, encouragement, and consolation."

"That woman was *Mary A. Livermore*—(great applause)—who has honored us to-day with her presence, and whom the *Grand Army of the Republic* will ever hold in grateful memory." (Applause.)

LIKE TO BE PRAISED.

We might as well own up to the fact that we do like to be praised, and so it gives us pleasure to read in a recent issue of "*The Boston Globe*" something over a column, and in a recent issue of "*The Boston Daily Evening Traveller*," a still longer article, in relation to our work; also in recent issues of "*The Boston Daily Evening Transcript*," "*The Daily Evening Record*," and "*The Boston Pilot*," editorial matter credited to "*Our Dumb Animals*."

We mention these because we happened to see them, and not because these papers have been more kind to us than others. We doubt whether there is a daily or weekly paper in Boston that has not aided us many times with kind words.

But there is another kind of praise we value quite as highly. It comes in numerous personal letters from friends whose whole hearts are in our work, and of which the following is a fair sample:—

"I think '*Our Dumb Animals*' really is better every month, and I read it from beginning to end, and then give and lend every number."

I am so thankful that "*Black Beauty*" is being translated into other languages, so that it will do future good where *so much needed*. '*What hath God wrought!*'

I send you my heartfelt wishes and prayers that your life may be spared for many, many years of happy labor, for you must be happy in seeing what, under God, you have been enabled to accomplish in so many ways for the speechless and helpless around us."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We are glad to receive the following ordinance, passed by the City Council of Hooperston, Illinois:—

Be it Ordained by the City Council of Hooperston, That the use of any rubber sling, or weapon commonly called a "nigger shooter," or any similar device, or any air gun or spring gun, is hereby prohibited within the corporate limits.

Passed and approved this 4th day of May, A. D. 1891.

Published May 8, A. D. 1891. In force May 18, A. D. 1891.

(*Attest:*) W. R. WILSON, Mayor.

(*Seal:*) GEO. T. CLARK, City Clerk.

MAINE.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Nino Cavazza, of Portland, corresponding secretary, that the Portland and State societies are now united under the name of "*The Maine State Society for the Protection of Animals*."

LUTHERAN OBSERVER, PHILADELPHIA.

We are pleased to see the *religious press* of the country taking so much interest in our work. We have filled recent orders for over 3000 copies of "*Black Beauty*," sent by "*The Lutheran Observer*," of Philadelphia.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

We have recently had a man fined \$20 and costs for throwing sulphuric acid on two dogs to stop their fighting. One dog lost one eye, the other both eyes, and both dogs had to be killed. All this might have been saved if the man had known enough to put a pinch of snuff or pepper to their noses.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

We are glad to learn that dogs are now being trained in German armies to hunt up soldiers wounded in battle, and notify searching parties by loud barking. But we hope that *humane education* may some time make such work unnecessary.

The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not only for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript*.

AMHERST COLLEGE AND SMITH COLLEGE.

We find an article in "*The Hampshire Gazette*," Northampton, Mass., stating that the *Amherst boys* are generally *humane* drivers, but the *Smith girls* are the *hardest drivers in the world*. A friend suggests that they be supplied with copies of "*Black Beauty*." We should be glad to have friends send us a check to supply, not only them, but a hundred other colleges and schools.

Ornithologists tell us that, when feeding, the stride of the ostrich is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking but not feeding, 26 inches; and when terrified, 11½ to 14 feet, or at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

UNHOOK THAT CHECK-REIN.

(From the "*American Breeder*":)

In ninety cases out of a hundred those who apply the side or over-check to their harness cannot give you any intelligent reason for its use, further than that it was with the harness when they bought it, and is fashionable to have it. Every other horse you will meet with on the streets of a city is either standing hitched with his face turned up to the hot sun, the flies swarming about his eyes, mouth, and ears, with no power to defend himself, or moving along in perfect misery from his head being pulled up to an unnatural position. If drivers who insist that their horse does not travel well, or is in the habit of stumbling, or is liable to kick if his head is not reined up, would have the judgment or a sufficient supply of the milk of human kindness to throw off the check when they stop, the cruelty and harm would be greatly lessened, but very few of them ever think so far, and nearly every hour in the day one can find scores of poor animals standing in the sun suffering all the tortures of the rack or pillory, while their master is within doors enjoying himself, with no thought or care for the welfare of his mate and faithful servants.

Many owners and drivers of horses will confess that their animals work better and do better when allowed to carry the head in a natural position, but they check them for looks. What a mistaken idea! All men admire high style if it is natural, but when a horse's head is pulled higher than his formation justifies, he shows it in every movement, and instead of adding to his beauty it greatly detracts from it in the eyes of every man that is a judge of form.

This paper is sent this month to the editors of *about eight thousand newspapers* and magazines.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

What do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches,
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While over the world is silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning,
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain
That it's time to be up and doing;
And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain
To coax them back to their dreams again,
Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard
By mortals listening and prying?
Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word
The best way to bring up a little bird —
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of an autumn day
When, with many a feathered roamer,
Under the clouds so cold and gray,
Over the hill they take their way,
In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For we not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it?"

Perhaps — but the question is wrapped in doubt,
They give me no hint or warning.
Listen, and tell me if you find out
What do the robins talk about
At three o'clock in the morning?

"The thrush is audible about 4.50 in the morning.
The quail's whistle is heard in the woods at about 3 o'clock.
The blackcap turns up at 2.30 on a summer morning.
By 4 the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.
The house sparrow and tom-tit come last in the list of early rising birds.
The greenfinch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1.30 on a summer morning.
The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet, and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while."

A LEGEND.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I half forgot, And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartaches and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life —
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angel rings.
And I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me; Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in?
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?" So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for — you and me.
— Household.

A BEAR ABOARD SHIP.

"Bears make good pets," said Lieut. Clark. "When I was in the revenue service at Alaska we had one on the boat and he made things hum. We named him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross-trees, going up hand over hand by the ratlines. One day he ventured out on the yard-arm, and there he stayed. We had to get a rope and haul him down. Once he vaulted over the head of our Chinese cook and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. We had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pig, and would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and although sometimes he disobeyed he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, we would look in the dark till we saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes, and gave him away every time." — *New Orleans Picayune.*

A boy, kept in after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was *spellbound*.

A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly.

IN HOT WEATHER.

- (1) Never ride on or after a *poor-looking horse*, if you can help it.
- (2) Don't tie your horses or dogs in hot places.
- (3) Give your horses and dogs plenty of good water several times a day.
- (4) Don't check your horses tightly.
- (5) Don't stop horse ears on up grades.
- (6) Give your canary a cool place, plenty of good water, a variety of food. [We give ours bread and milk every day.] Place him where he can see something, and give him sometimes a little mirror in which he can see himself: take care that neither sun nor lights dazzle him.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A KIND WORD FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

That the English sparrow is an insect destroyer I am no longer in doubt; that it is rendering the "gypsy moth"-infested district invaluable services I can substantiate. With the dawn of day they seek the trees on which the moth is feeding. They suspend themselves from the tender twigs, and from the under side of the leaf, where the moth is found, make their morning meal, skipping from limb to limb, and ceasing operations only when they can eat no more. That the sparrow or any other bird will eat the gypsy moth when full grown, I very much question. From personal observation I feel it a duty I owe the much-abused sparrow to speak a kind word in its behalf.

W. W. FIFIELD,
Medford, Mass.

OUR CANARY.

We give our canary every morning a little piece of our best bread soaked in milk, a piece of apple or other fruit, and a little germ wheat or oatmeal.

At one o'clock dinner we give him a little piece of good bread, lettuce, potato, asparagus, or other vegetable. We see that he always has fresh water, plenty of fishbone and sand and birdseed, — never put him in a very hot or cold place, always keep him where he can see what is going on in the house or outdoors; and when he is likely to be lonely, put a little mirror in his cage, taking care that the sun shall not strike it. We let him out of his cage occasionally to fly about the room. A good lady thinks we ought not to keep a canary. A little orphan girl with no father, mother, brother, or sister came to us for care and protection, and brought with her this little bird. We did not feel at liberty to refuse either.

LONGEVITY OF LOWER CREATURES.

Crows are commonly said to live for 100 years, and turtles are reported to have even longer life; but it's late Professor Baird be right, the greatest amount of longevity is shown by fishes. Professor Baird once said that as a fish has no maturity, there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cited, in proof, a pike in Russia whose age was known to date back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg there are hundreds of fish that were put in over one hundred and fifty years ago. — *St. Louis Republic.*

IRISH WIT.

An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way to get out of sight; but unfortunately the proprietor stole a march on him, and seizing him by the collar exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow." "To be sure I did," said Pat, "and was n't I running home for money to pay for it?"



JOHN OWEN, JR., A "BAND OF MERCY" BOY
IN LEWISTON, ME.

Used by kind permission of "The Lakeside Press," Portland, Me.

MORE IRISH WIT.

Some time ago while I was trading in a village store one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who was waiting on me, and said: —

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and wants a receipt."

The merchant was evidently annoyed.

"Why, what does he want a receipt?" he said; "we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and, after greeting Pat with a "Good morning," said: —

"You want to settle your bill, do you?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book;" and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. "That is as good as a receipt."

"And do ye mane that that settles it?" exclaimed Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin' me fur it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be affter kapin' me money in me pocket, for I have n't paid it."

The merchant's face flushed angrily as he retorted: —

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and I thought that same," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat got his receipt.

GENTILE AND JEW.

There is a man in this town who never allows an opportunity for an attack on the Jews to pass by. It is his hobby. One evening he found himself seated next to a prominent Wall street Hebrew banker.

Somebody turned the subject of conversation to Turkey. The man spoke up and said that he sympathized in many ways with the people of that country, particularly with their dislike of *asses* and *Jews*, whom they are ready to kill on the slightest provocation.

"My dear fellow," said his Jewish neighbor, "how fortunate for you and me that we do not live in Turkey!" — *New York Recorder.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A FRIENDLY LIZARD.

BY REV. FATHER LUIGI PAROLI,
Pastor of Italian Church of the Holy Ghost, Providence,
R. I., and president of "Band of Mercy" No. 10,200.

My dear boys and girls, do you think that a lizard might not become friend of yours, and fond of living with you, like a dog?

That is what happened to me about five years ago in my own Italy.

When living in a beautiful country place, one day in summer time I saw a lizard standing very quiet and looking at me, on the grass very near the house.

I never had seen before so bright a saurian. It was of species *ramarro*, all vividly green, strongly moulded, one foot long.

Although I had been always pleased with sauriens, and had very many times played with the small ones of Italian species, "green lizard" and "gray lizard," this was the first time I could try to catch a *ramarro* and make him my friend.

So, very slowly I began to approach him, and, finally, without a single contrary movement, he slipped into my hand.

I would get experience if he would be a very good friend, and so tied him to a nail on the grass in one of the corners of my yard. But there was no need of that. He did not make a struggle to be free or run away.

Every day, as long as I would, he played with me, looking at me and running hither and thither as directed by my eye or finger, and eating his food directly from my hand.

After a week, as I had yet the intention to keep him only for a trial of friendship, having found the trial satisfactory, I thought the time had come to bring him out and let him go. So I did. He seemed rather wishing to remain than to go happy and free, and moved not a step away, and turned his head as though to say, "If you please, let me stay."

At last, when urged by me, he disappeared in the green hedge around the house.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

TWO BOSTON HORSES.

I would like to tell you what I saw from my window on Huntington Avenue to-day. A handsome team of horses stopped near our door, where the grass looked temptingly green. The near horse munched the grass contentedly, which the off horse tried in vain to reach. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the near horse raised his head with his mouth full of grass, and held it near his companion's mouth. The off horse accepted the apparent invitation to eat, and took the grass from the other one's mouth. After turning and eating awhile on his own account, he repeated this manœuvre, and I then called in the other members of my family to watch them. There could be no mistake about it; the horse who could reach the grass fed his companion at short intervals as long as they stood before the door. The horses are the ones attached to the sign of a big trunk which is driven about town.

G. G. P.

DRINK NEARLY KILLED GLADSTONE.

William E. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man, barely escaped death from whiskey not long since. You say Gladstone is a sober man. He is, but the coachman who drove him to the depot was drunk.—*Pioneer*.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Just as a lover had dropped on his knees and begun popping the question, a pet poodle, who thought the proceeding strange, made a dash for his legs. With remarkable nerve the girl reached over, seized the dog, and at the same time calmly said,—

"Go on, George, dear; I'm listening."

TIPTOO'S NEWSPAPER.

Tramp and *Tiptoo* were friends. *Tramp* was a black-and-tan dog; *Tiptoo*, a grey parrot. *Tiptoo* talked almost all day; *Tramp* barked almost all day.

At four o'clock every afternoon *Tramp* came into the house, walked up to his mistress, looked into her face, and waited patiently until she gave him a piece of money. *Tiptoo* always watched *Tramp* as he took the money into his mouth. Then, with a shrill shriek, she would call: "Halloa, *Tramp*! Four o'clock, *Tramp*! Buy a paper, *Tramp*! Herald, Globe, Rekkid! Oh, my!"

This was a long sentence for *Tiptoo*, but *Tramp* always waited for the last word; then he would spring through the open window, bound down the path, across the street, and into a small store.

And *Tiptoo*, watching intently, would cry, as he returned bearing a paper in his mouth, "*Tramp's* bought a paper! Oh, my! Oh, my! What a funny dog!"

One day at four o'clock, *Tramp* was away with his master. As the moments passed, *Tiptoo* became restless and excited. She hopped from one window to another, and looked in all directions for her friend *Tramp*.

By and by the clock struck. "One! two! three! four! five!", counted *Tiptoo* in a loud voice. She waited a few minutes longer, and then she sprang upon her mistress's shoulder.

"Herald, Globe, Rekkid!", she said; "Herald, Globe, Rekkid!" Once, twice, three times.

And then her mistress understood her meaning.

"Oh," she said, "so you'll buy a paper if I give you money."

"Herald, Globe, Rekkid!", screamed *Tiptoo*, in evident delight.

"Well, take it. Don't swallow it."

Out through the window hopped *Tiptoo*, with the money in her bill, down the path, across the street, and into the store. Her mistress watched her anxiously. "I wish I hadn't let her go," she said. "Something may frighten her."

Into the store hopped *Tiptoo*, and sprang upon the counter. Then, dropping the money, she called imperatively, "Herald, Globe, Rekkid!"

Laughing, wondering, praising her cleverness, the shopman gave her a paper.

Clutching it firmly in her beak, *Tiptoo* flew down, hopped out into the street, up the path, into the parlor.

Then she flew to her perch, and rocking herself back and forth, she cried, "Oh, my! Oh, my! *Tiptoo* bought a paper! Oh, my! Oh, my! Herald, Globe, Rekkid!" — Mary A. Sawyer, in *Little Men and Women*.

OUR BUG-CATCHERS.

We have a garden around our house, where we try to raise fruits and flowers, and peas and beans, and lettuce and cucumbers, and such like. But we have one trouble; there are lots of little bugs and worms that seem to like our provisions as well as we do, and that are always on hand to take their portion. And, in fact, they sometimes seem to want to take the whole.

Well, what is to be done in such a case? I will tell you what to do. We have several little bug-catchers, curious creatures,—in color and shape they look almost like a lump of earth, and one would hardly know them from the clods among which they travel about. The children see them about the fields or highways, and whenever they find one they speedily pick him up, and invite him to make his home in our garden. And so they have their dwellings in holes and corners about the yard.

The little fellows have a queer way of catching bugs. They have a long, sticky tongue, though where they keep it is a mystery, as it seems to be longer than its owner. Perhaps they take a reef in it, as the sailors say, and so stow it away. But when one of them gets near a little bug, he sits and looks at him, and winks in a kind of a solemn way, till all at once his mouth opens, and quick as a flash the tongue goes out and in again, and the bug is among the missing! And then our little friend sits blinking and waiting for another bug to come that way.

He is said to have an ear for music, and to do some singing in the warm spring evenings, but we do not count much on this; nor do we brag much about his good looks. His skin is not smooth, nor his complexion fair; but for real usefulness he is about the best kind of live stock we have on our farm; and if people want to keep their gardens free from bugs, the best thing they can do is to get on friendly terms with the little bug-catchers, and make pleasant homes for the toads!

MRS. PARTRIDGE IN TROUBLE.

While Eli O. Cosgrove, of Monument Creek, near Scranton, was looking down a glade in the Spring Brook Woods one afternoon in May, a hen partridge fluttered out of the copse a few yards below where he was standing, half ran and half flew up the slight ascent directly toward him, and ran between his feet. It was such a strange thing for so wild a bird to do, that Cosgrove stood perfectly still and glanced over his shoulder to see where it had gone. Instead of flying further the partridge circled around his feet several times with outspread wings, keeping up a peculiar sort of clucking all the while, and Cosgrove came to the conclusion that the bird was blind. So he stooped over and undertook to pick her up, and then he found that she was n't blind at all, for, just as he was about to grasp her with his hands, she darted toward the brush heap from which he had seen her emerge, stopped at the edge of it, and looked back. The woodsman stood still, and in a minute or so the partridge ran at him with her wings down and fluttered around his boots as before, clucking constantly, and appearing to be in great distress about something. This time Cosgrove did not attempt to catch the uneasy bird, and, after she had circled around his feet a dozen times or more, she began to run back and forth between him and the brush heap.

Cosgrove then walked to the edge of the copse, where he stopped for a moment. The partridge flew ahead of him and alighted on the ground two or three rods beyond, winging her way back again when she saw that the man was not moving. The woodsman walked on to the spot where the partridge had alighted. She passed him on the way and flew some distance ahead, and Cosgrove followed her until she began to make a great fuss near a hemlock tree.

On the south side of the line, in a little curve made by a couple of roots, the bird had a nest full of eggs. A large black snake was in the act of swallowing one of the eggs when Cosgrove got there, and he saw at once that the snake had scared the partridge away. Cosgrove hunted around for a club with which to slay the snake, and while he was doing so the partridge flew back and forth and clucked so hard that she attracted the reptile's attention.

It dropped the egg and made a break for her just as the woodsman had found a club that suited him, and he chased the snake around the tree and knocked its head off at the first blow. It was a six-foot snake, and its head was fifteen inches above the ground when Cosgrove struck it. As soon as the partridge saw that the reptile was motionless, she stopped her noise, hid in the bushes, and would n't let Cosgrove come near her. She acted like an entirely different kind of a bird. Cosgrove then went away, and in half an hour he crept near enough to the tree to see that the partridge was sitting on her eggs as though nothing had happened to disturb the quiet of her sequestered nesting place.

THE LOTTERY HUMBUG.

Christopher von Schmidt, the author of the "Easter Eggs," was informed that a farmer had purchased a lottery ticket, and calling on him said: "If there are ninety sheep grazing in the palace yard, eighty-nine being white and one black, and you were made an offer that if you paid three pennies and allowed yourself to be hoodwinked you would be permitted to catch the black sheep and retain it, would you consent to such a bargain?"

"No," said the farmer. "How could I, being blindfolded, catch the black one. I would not catch any of them, and lose my three pennies."

Then said Schmidt: "So is it with the lottery when there is only one winning number out of ninety. Any one able to figure will surely never go into such a transaction."

A GHOST IN THE MAINTOP.

The scene of ghostly experience has been shifted to the sea. An English newspaper says the mate of a ship, name not given, ordered some of the youths to reef the maintop-sail. When the first got up he heard a strange voice saying, "It blows hard!" The lad waited for no more; he was down in a trice and told his adventure. A second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion, but returned even more quickly, declaring that he was quite sure that a voice, not of this world, had cried in his ear, "It blows hard!" Another went, and another, but each came back with the same tale.

At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself, and when he reached the haunted spot heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ear:—

"It blows hard!"

"Ay, ay, old one, but blow it ever so hard, we must ease the earnings for all that," replied the mate, undauntedly; and looking around he saw a fine parrot perched on one of the clews—the thoughtless author of the false alarms—which had probably escaped from some other vessel to take refuge on this.—*New York Mail and Express*.

An old-fashioned watering place—a pump.

MY DARLING.

These words in bright letters stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a Broadway blockade. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible, but he was not profane or brutal toward his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finally, his horses becoming restive, he climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Why," he said, "because it keeps the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she died she clasped her hands around my neck and said:—

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"Yes, I said; 'I'll promise anything. What is it?'

"Then, fixing her eyes on mine, she said, 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and be kind to mamma.'

"That's all there is about it, mister, but I promised my little girl and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted, the big truckman resumed his seat, and was soon lost in the tide of travel.—*New York Herald.*

THE POWER OF ONE SCHOOL-GIRL.

(From *Autobiographical Sketches by Geo. T. Angell.*)

Last fall I was called upon at my hotel, near the White Mountains, by a modest schoolgirl from Hartford, Conn., who was stopping at a little cottage about two miles from the village. She told me how much she had suffered from the cruelties inflicted on animals in her State, there being no society there for their protection, and she asked me if I could do anything to help stop them. I said: When you go home, see if you can't get a meeting in one of your churches on Sunday evening; and on my way to Washington, where I am to spend the winter, I will stop and lecture, and we will see what can be done.

A few weeks after, I received a note that she had succeeded in getting a church, and her father and mother wished me to come to their house. I reached Hartford Saturday night, and found what this schoolgirl, between school hours and her lessons, had been able to do. She had gone to the Rev. Dr. Burton, of the large Presbyterian church, and asked if he would kindly help her by giving his church one Sunday evening to considering the sufferings of God's dumb creatures, and he said he would. Then she went to some other clergymen and asked them if they would kindly help by giving up their meetings that one evening, and they said they would. Then she went to the editors and asked if they would kindly help by writing something, and they said they would; and then she went to some of the prominent citizens, and invited them to come to the meeting. When I entered the church Sunday evening, I found one of the finest audiences it was ever my privilege to address,—the very cream of Hartford. At the close of my lecture Dr. Burton rose in the pulpit and proposed, although the hour was about half-past nine, that those who could conveniently remain after the benediction should do so and give their names then and there to organize a society. Nearly two hundred, as I remember, remained, and the next day a large number of other names were sent in, and the 'Connecticut Humane Society'—a live organization,

which will probably continue its work of humanity a hundred years after the writer of this article shall rest from his labors—now stands as a monument of the power of one modest but earnest schoolgirl."

We are reminded of and republish the above because we have recently received from this Connecticut Society, which has now become one of the most useful of its kind in America, a sermon preached by one of the most eloquent men of its State, the Rev. Dr. George L. Walker, of Hartford, of which the society has printed five thousand copies, and from which we take the following, which we wish could be preached from every pulpit, and read in every schoolroom in the land.

It will very likely touch tens of thousands of human hearts.

But for the power of one schoolgirl it might never have been preached:—

To a thoughtful mind and to a sensitive heart there are few questions which can appeal with more interest or more pathos than the mutual relations of animals and men.

Here we human creatures are surrounded by ranks of other creatures, in varying degrees of proximity and acquaintanceship, but who are, after all, mysteries to us. We know them, and yet we know them not. We recognize in them mental processes kindred to our own; emotions and affections similar to those we feel; and yet a dividing wall of mystery separates them from us, so that we cannot exactly enter into their minds or put ourselves precisely in their place. There is something puzzling and interesting about this, which piques curiosity and yet baffles it. Here is a dog you have had as a companion and friend for years, or a horse you have owned and been on good terms with for an equal period, and yet just how life looks to your dog, and just what your horse thinks of you, are interesting questions which you have probably asked yourself a good many times without getting altogether satisfactory answers. I think very likely the angelic ranges of intelligence above us have much the same sense of mystery concerning us, and are in a similar way, and perhaps no less, perplexed as to the processes of our minds.

Mental philosophers, in the pride of human superiority, are apt to minimize animal intelligence, and, just about in proportion to their unacquaintance with the beings of whom they write, depreciate their faculties. Forced to admit the existence in them of memory, affection, some degree of reason and will, they for the most part, so far as I have observed, try to draw a line of effectual separation between animals and men at the point of self-consciousness; affirming that a dog or a horse, however conscious he may be of things external to himself, is not conscious of himself as a separate entity whose own existence or condition becomes a matter of distinct realization.

Against the validity of this attempted discrimination I think any one who has had the fortune to be at all intimately associated with intelligent specimens of some of the higher orders of animal life has seen manifold reason to protest. Take one example from the biography of a little friend of mine, who was for some eleven years a member of my household. This little dog knew just as well as I did when he had broken some household rule of behavior; and on such occasions he received the small chastisement allotted for disobedience with perfect recognition of its desert and with eager readiness to be reconciled. But on one occasion when he was thus lightly disciplined for a supposed offence, his behavior arrested my notice from its peculiarity and awoke the instant inquiry in my mind whether he had, perhaps, not done the thing supposed. He showed none of his customary desire to be restored to favor. He went sadly to his cushion in the corner and refused to respond to my caress. No physical hurt could explain his behavior. He could scarcely be said to have been physically hurt at all. I inquired into the matter. *He had been wronged. He had not done the thing for which the trifling discipline had been inflicted. He had been treated unjustly, and he knew it.* And he made me know it also. I apologized to him, and he knew that I apologized, just as well as any man could know; but it was forty-eight hours before he would descend to forgive the self-conscious. Not self-conscious! He was as self-conscious as I was. And he had the advantage of a self-consciousness of being in the right, when I was in the wrong.

How anybody can doubt an animal's self-consciousness of good or evil estate who has ever been brought into contact with an abused and over-worked horse, for example, and seen—in the language of a writer in a current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*—"that strained and anxious expression of the eye" which so often marks such victims of cruelty and severity, I cannot comprehend. *Self-pity and despair are not prerogatives of human sufferers alone. They speak out of the worried, troubled eyes of creatures we call dumb, but who are dumb only to those who will not recognize tokens as indicative of self-conscious unhappiness as any ever uttered by human voice.*

Indeed, this estimate of their own condition has occasionally an even tragic illustration in some of the higher animals. *The instances are known and authenticated, and indeed not infrequent, of deliberate suicide by horses and dogs, and even sometimes by cattle, sick and tired of the hardships and troubles of life.* When it comes to an obviously intentional act of self-destruction, by drowning or otherwise, of some of these dumb sufferers, one wonders where the fine runs between the consciousness of trouble in man and animals.

But apart from this question of self-consciousness, how high and noble the traits are which are lodged in the breasts of some of these associates of ours in the realm of animated being. We speak often of the beauty and heroism of maternal devotion. *That is not a trait the mothers of the human family have a monopoly of.* It runs down through all the ranks of nature. And it runs down very low. When I was a student at Andover I was accustomed to watch from my study window, one spring, a little



"A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

Our Dumb Animals.

sparrow and her nest in a tree whose branches brushed the eaves. I could have laid my hand on the mother-bird and done what our text in Deuteronomy forbids, so loyal was she to the four wee, naked, little things which one day came out of the small, spotted eggs. But it confesses that, interested as I was, I was not prepared for an exhibition of devotion which came within a day or two of the appearance of her little offspring. There arose one of the most violent thunderstorms, accompanied by deluges of water and pellets of hail, I ever beheld. The wind tossed the branches almost to breaking. It was difficult to see the nest through the blinding sheets of falling rain. I had no idea the small fabric could sustain the storm, but expected when the hull came to find the place vacated of its carefully woven dwelling. The hull began to come; and through the rain I began to see the mother-bird, her little beak straight up in the air like an umbrella top, and all her small body spread like a waterproof tent over her charge. Her feet I could not see, but they must have been grappling into the twisted hair-fabric of her nest, of which she seemed a part. A few minutes later—the storm swept by—her plumage all bedraggled and awry—off she skipped to repair damages; her children meanwhile safe and dry, and as much trophies of maternal devotion as any children ever of mother bird.

Take another incident illustrating not only the intelligence but the heroism of these fellow-creatures of ours; and one, too, which casts a certain degree of illumination on an epithet which we often apply to them when we speak of the "*inferior*" orders of creation. It was in a Central New York village. A drunken hostler had gone to bed in the barn adjoining a hotel. He had dropped his lantern where it presently set the barn on fire, which swept shortly into the hotel. Fortunately the hostler had a dog who did not drink. The inferior creature dragged his master out of bed to the floor and barked in his ear till he aroused him enough to stagger to the hotel and open the door. Then the dog went through the house, barking at every chamber. All the people were aroused. All the people got safely out. Only one frantic mother, who had six children rescued, mistakenly thought one of them was left behind. She rushed toward the entrance, wildly waved her arms and shrieked for help for the missing child. Dogs know a good deal but are not omniscient, and this one thought there must be still some one in there whom he had not roused, and went to do it. *He never came out. But does any one hesitate to say that more nobleness died with him in that heroic endeavor than if his master had perished instead of him?*

We think faithfulness to a friend's memory a beautiful trait of human character. Read Wordsworth's lines about the dog in the lone Highland valley, that three months stood sentinel by his dead master's side, and sympathize with the pathetic verse:—

How nourished there through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate."

Or go to Grey Friar's churchyard in Edinburgh, and see the bronze monument erected by Baroness Burdett Coutts to keep in mind the faithfulness of a little Scotch terrier, that for three years, summer and winter, till he died, made his home on the stone slab of his master's grave, the friend he would never forget.

We think kindness to the infirm and aged a beautiful trait in human nature.

The little dog who made me a wiser and I hope a better man for his eleven years' companionship with me, was brought up with a much older and larger one; who, when my little friend was about a year old, fell sick, rheumatic, and appetite-less, as do many other old people. Whereupon the little dog constituted himself nurse and comforter to his older companion; carried him food from his own supply; danced about him to cheer his spirits up; and when he could induce him to eat displayed the liveliest indications of delight. What trained nurse could do much more?

Some wise philosophers have tried to run the line between the animal and the human families at the point of humor. An animal doesn't laugh, it is said. Nonsense! Not as a man does, very likely. But a sense of humor is a distinctly recognizable trait in many animals and birds. The small member of my family to whom I have already twice referred as my teacher in other ways, would sometimes, when he felt in the mood of joking, run close behind or even under my carriage, where I could not see him. Missing him, I would become anxious and call his name. No answer; no bounding forward to show himself, as generally. I would call louder. No answer! Finally, till I learned his trick, I would stop altogether. Then clambering out of the vehicle to see if I could find him, he would jump, doubled up with delight, and laughing with his whole body at having so successfully played a joke on me.

Another significant token of the ignorant way in which our superior race, for the most part, looks upon these wonderful creatures with which we are associated, is to be seen in the language generally used concerning them—language which ignores all their marvellous individuality of character. Open a book on natural history. You read "The horse is" so and so. "The dog is" so and so. "The" horse! "The" dog! You might just as well say "The" man! "The" woman! I happen to have had at one time or another owned nine horses; and nine more distinct individualities do not exist among my human acquaintances than among those nine personalities of the equine race. I have as positive and distinct a conception of character when any of the names of those six agreeable, one mixed, and two on the whole disagreeable, [made so, however, in one of the two instances at least by

mistreatment before coming into my acquaintance] companions of mine come up to thought, as I have when I think of so many schoolmates of my boyhood days.

I have been the possessor of the affections of two dogs, as unlike one another, though of the same nominal breed, as any two men. And when I think of the big heart and boundless, passionate love which one of those two creatures gave me, I count it one of the great mistakes, yes, sins, of my life that I allowed a friend to mine in a great city to take him to keep awhile, *where he mourned for me, as I afterward learned, with constant and inconsolable sorrow, and was finally hopelessly lost. I doubt not in unavailing effort to find me again. I hope no one here will smile when I say solemnly, that the pain of that poor heart has lain upon me for near twenty years a remorse and a burden.*

My friends, I do not think I need to say that I have not told these stories for the stories' sake. I have told them to bring more clearly before us certain great facts and principles belonging to this relationship of man to the other orders of existence by which he is surrounded, which seem to me important to remember, and which have in them most practical instructions for us all.

One of these facts is the dependence upon man for a large part of their positive happiness or their exemption from suffering, of a chief portion of the animal creation. These mysterious creatures of God's providence encompass us on every side. They are of varying capacities of mind and heart, and are in different degrees of familiarity of association with us. Some are brought into very close relationships. Some cross our tracks only occasionally. The horse, the ox, the ass, the dog, the cat, the sheep, the goat, the camel, some kinds of fowl and birds, have been the almost immemorial associates of the human family; have become part of our organized community life, and find their main welfare or misery, not in the primitive conditions of self-dependence characteristic of a state of ancestral wildness and exemption from human influence, but in the artificial conditions of dependency on the being into contact with whom they have been so closely brought.

And even in the case of the animals and birds not so made a part of the community machinery of human society, a great portion of their happiness or suffering depends on the attitude toward them of man.

I recognize fully the fact—it is one of the dark facts of this sinful and evil world of ours—that there are some races of creature life so noxious as to justify an attitude of hostility, individual and organized, toward them on all occasions. But these races are exceptional. As a general rule the welfare of the other orders of created existence is compatible with human welfare, may be promotive of that welfare; while on the other hand—and this is the special point we are now considering—their welfare largely hinges on the treatment of them by mankind. Now it seems as if this ought to be, to any reasonably considering mind, a very affecting consideration. And yet how little it is considered. *What an awful chapter is the story of creature-suffering at the hand of one who ought to be a protector and a friend.* I confess that one of the most perplexing problems which ever arises to my mind, in the attempt to reconcile the omnipotence and the goodness of God in this world, is the problem of the unnecessary suffering of animals by the cruelty of mankind. Easier far easier, is it for me to find a position of rest and mental quiet in contemplation of the woes and pains of human beings—for these I can regard as disciplinary dealings designed for spiritual and future welfare—than it is to be at quiet concerning that wave of wretchedness and woe which rolls round this whole world in the abuse of the poor speechless creatures of the earth and the air who are made miserable by the hands of men. I do not think it strange that, in view of this painful and perplexing fact of animal suffering, many wise and good men have been led to hazard the conjecture of a future life for beings so abused; a place where some of the wrongs of the present life may be compensated.

But from this fact of the dependence of so large a portion of the animal world on man for its positive welfare or its exemption from suffering, arises another fact or principle important to be remembered by us. *This relationship imposes on man the moral responsibility of making the suffering of the animal world as little as possible.*

Man, indeed, is the head of the earthly tribes. He has, and it was doubtless intended he should have, dominion over all other orders of this planetary existence. In a true sense they were made for him. They were appointed to be his servants. The relationship was symbolized on that early page of human story where it is recorded, "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto the man to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof." Yes, man has authority over the animal world. But it is not an unlimited authority. It is not power without restrictions. It has restrictions grounded in the claims of the subjected party to just treatment; to a treatment not abusive of those capacities of mental, emotional, and physical suffering which are a part of the divinely implanted nature of the creature itself. And it has its restrictions, also, in the nature of the being who exercises the delegated and entrusted power. The question is a moral one, if there is a moral question anywhere in the world. *To abuse an animal is to commit a triple wrong. It wrongs the poor defenceless beast, and it wrongs the nature of the man who does it.* It spites and ravages the mind and heart and body of a creature whose range of capacities for feeling and suffering are a deep and mysterious abyss; and it spites and ravages the moral sense of the man or woman or boy who perpetrates or allows the wrong.

The ownership of animals by man is thus a trust to be administered under the divine penalties which are attached to all trusts. The violation of the trust brings moral damage to the violator, as well as anguish to the victim. Would that this fact could be realized by those who in all the tracks of trade, along our great canals, on our farms, in our stables, on our horse railway lines, have to do with the patient or the sensitive and generous horse, the long-suffering mule, whose labor and sweat and pain make possible, and alone make possible, so much of human comfort and prosperity. *Would that it could be remembered by those so-called "sportsmen," who terrorize our forests and prairies, who have, within thirty years past, made the once multitudinous buffalo an extinct creature on our inland plains, and whose pleasure carries with it, wherever it extends, a pathway of fear and pain. Would it might be remembered by that class of dispensers of suffering and fear, who make a professional practice of trap shooting, and write books upon that cruel and demoralizing amusement. Would it might be remembered by women whose head-dress adornment implies the murder of the feathered families of the grove; the breaking up of households whose joy is as keen (within their ranges of intelligence) as any of our own. Would that tyro physicians and medical students would remember it, who go through longago demonstrated experiments of vivisection on poor tormented lives—experiments often leading to no practical results of welfare, and scarcely even of personal instruction—for all their cost of misery and pain.*

No, our right over the creatures God has joined with us in this curiously interwoven fabric of life is a limited and conditioned right. We abuse it only at our peril. We abuse it only at a woe on their part we very imperfectly comprehend.

A concluding suggestion from the subject which has occupied our attention to-day is the duty of thinking about and exercising care respecting the claims upon us of these associates of our daily lives. It is thoughtlessness more than intentional cruelty which is responsible for most of their wrongs.

Real malignant cruelty does indeed occasionally exist. The records of our local humane society for the past year give sad and indubitable evidence of that fact. But for the most part people do not think about the matter.

They do not think how the unnatural, strained overcheck discomferts the horse which stands waiting for them at the church door. They do not think how the car driver's brutality lacerates the feelings, more even than the body, of the creature which drags them up the hill. They do not think how a hostler's angry tone will send a quiver of fear—I have seen it scores of times—down a whole barn full of stalls. They do not realize they are dealing with sensitive, nervous, emotional beings, to whom an accent of voice will often carry as sensible as perceptible terror and pain, disappointment and trouble, as it will to any group of children. But they ought to think about it, and of all similar wrongs, great or small, done to the poor creatures who cannot speak for themselves.

Especially ought parents to instruct their children in careful observation of the rights of all the harmless creatures of earth and air which God has made our associates; and so many of which are adapted to be our friends. Boys should be taught that it is not merely not right, but not manly, to terrorize and annoy, to affright and injure, those fellow denizens of our common earth. *Noblesse oblige* is an honorable motto in our dealings with men and women of humbler position or opportunities than our own. Not less honorable or applicable is it in relation to the birds and the animals, our fellow partners in a world where there is trouble enough without our increasing it. Cowper was right in his determination, both on aesthetic and on moral grounds, when he said:

*I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense).
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."*

The length of the above compels us to omit the one hundred and sixty-eight new "Bands of Mercy" formed in the past month. We shall publish them in August.

WHAT A CARRIER PIGEON DID.

We find in "*The Pittsburgh Review*" an interesting account of a young man left in charge of a country house, who had a carrier pigeon recently given him by an uncle who lived several miles distant. The house was broken into by burglars. The young man sent to his uncle a note tied to the carrier pigeon, that there were burglars in the house; and the uncle arrived with help in time to capture the burglars, who were convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. *That pigeon is not for sale.*

VIOLETS.

Blue and white, in soft array,
Over the meadows the violets lay,
Lowly and meek, as if kneeling to pray.

A little brook goeth murmuring by,
Singing its tenderest lullaby,
While softly the violets stir and sigh,

And to the mosses gently cling,
And dainty bits of color fling
Over the meadows wavering.

List, as they whisper, soft and low,
To the warm earth-heart below,
Where all sweet treasures spring and grow.

And the sweet bird, in yonder tree,
Sings to the violets merrily,
Sending his heart out cheerily.

And fleeting shadows come and go
Over the grasses, swift and slow,
Down where the blossoms bloom below.

Little violets, dainty and fair,
This one brief hour, oh, let me share
The spirit of your sweetness rare.

L. A. F., in *Vick's Magazine*.

ETERNITY WILL TELL.

Have I spread the dear mantle of charity
O'er the frail and weak, my God?
Have I striven to strengthen the tired and faint,
And helped them to bear their load?
Have the sick and the poor ever blest my name
For kindness my hands bestowed?

As I backward look my heart beats low
For the years that are to be,
And solemn and earnest as life and death,
This truth comes home to me—
*That eternity's morning must surely tell
What I have done for Thee.*

A GOOD REFERENCE.

(B. F. Newberry, in the "Morning Star.")

John was fifteen, and wanted a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success because, being a stranger in the city, he had no references. "I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand, and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have n't any," he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have n't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:—

"My Dear John,—I want to remind you that whenever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go!"

"You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him five years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er. — *Merchant Traveller.*



GOING TO RIDE.

From "Our Boys' and Girls' Story Book," published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

POETIC JUSTICE.

THE BOYS HAD AN AWFUL TIME, AND IT SERVED THEM RIGHT.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the tea-table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that, I think, will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon, a good many years ago, when I was not as large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us, and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket he capered for joy and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and, boy-like, tried to find out how much he knew, and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch' and 'carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it and drag it back to us. Fences, ditches, and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all."

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wanderings I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw—and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, almost touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill, and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't know why the dog and the hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"Rob! Will!" I called to the other boys; 'come here; we'll have some fun.'

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh cracky, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be awfully funny. We selected a good-sized, round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start we turned the dog loose, and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay fulfilled our anticipations, and we had just begun to double

ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when, with frenzied yelps of agony, he came tearing up the hill toward us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"Run! I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled, like a black, avenging cloud, all over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scratched, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony, till the meadow was, for the time being, turned into a pandemonium.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we too were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and plunging in dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and, creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me."

"Boys," I said, "we've had an awful time, but, I tell you what, it served us right."

"Neither of them contradicted me, and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward with Rover at our heels."

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."

[Would it not have been poetic justice if the elephants tormented by "Yale College students," as described in another column, had killed a dozen of their tormentors.—EDITOR.]

"One summer an ordinance was passed by the village trustees, requiring all dogs to be muzzled. Pedro was, instead, fastened with a peculiarly made chain which had once done service in a suction pump. It was not heavy, but one would never forget the odd shape of its links. A hole was cut through the side of a workshop, and the chain was fastened with a strong staple to a joist which was exposed when the hole was cut. Pedro was a very unwilling prisoner for a week, when one morning he was discovered lying on the doorstep—collar, chain, and staple gone. He had gnawed the staple out, and had pulled the collar off over his head. None of his fastenings could be found, high or low. Two years afterward the chain and collar were dug out of a pile of ashes in the far back end of the lot. The diggers knew that Pedro had buried them. They whistled, and he soon came bounding to the spot, expecting fun of some kind. The diggers pointed to the chain. Pedro looked down at it, smelled of it, dropped his tail between his legs, cowered, and whined pitifully for mercy, knowing his guilt was found out at last."—*Buffalo Express*.

The Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side, and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society in May.

Mrs. C. S. Barnard, \$50; Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, \$5; Cora H. Clarke, \$5; Ellen Collins, \$5; Mrs. E. Schuler, \$1; John L. Whiting, \$5; Miss M. Willets, \$10; Mrs. L. R. Crowley, \$10.

And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

A. A. Monroe, \$5; United Brethren Publishing House, \$5.60; Henry B. Hill, \$9; Rev. L. L. Pickett, \$15.20; Mrs. Amy Woodward, \$36; Wm. B. Clarke & Co., \$13.20; Durrell & Upham, \$27.24; Frank Miller & Son, \$975; Wm. Savidge, \$11; T. B. Ventres, \$6; Woman's Branch Pa. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$5; Miss G. Kendall, \$7; Council Bluffs Humane Society, \$6; D. Lothrop Company, \$7.50; Wm. Ballantine & Sons, \$9.71; John Wanamaker, \$12; Robt. Clarke & Co., \$9.10; Bowen-Merrill Co., \$19.32; E. O. Vaile, \$12; Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, \$120; J. W. Burke & Co., \$5.72; Cottage Hearth, \$12; John Burke, \$13; W. C. Holt & Co., \$12; Mrs. M. I. Hunt, \$6; Wm. Beverley Harrison, \$9; Mary Douglass, \$25; American Tract Society, \$12; Auckland Soc. P. C. A., \$9; Mrs. C. S. Barnard, \$24; North Western Mail, \$12; T. B. Wolfe, \$8.10; New Eng. News Co., \$325; Mass. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$26.13; H. W. Carey, \$6; Bostwick Bros., \$5.66.

All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$172.98.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in May.

Fines and witness' fees, \$82.70.

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American Humane Education Society, for literature and sundries, \$120.

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Publications sold, \$233.06.

Total, \$840.16.



LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

By kind permission of D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

SATISFIED WITH HIS INVESTMENT.

On the grip of a summer car sat an old gentleman who looked like Denman Thompson in "Josh Whitecomb." The car ran through a squalid district where women and children sprawled over the blistering pavement, while puny babies wailed, and helpless mothers tried in a listless, half-hopeless way to quiet their cries.

The train ran by two squares of sweltering misery, and then the old gentleman showed signs of unmistakable excitement, pulled the wrong bell cord and rung up a fare as a signal that he wanted to get off. After the usual exchange of compliments in such cases between the conductor and the passenger, he succeeded in alighting, and muttered: "By gosh! I'll do it; it won't cost much, and it will do lots of good."

When he reached the women they appeared to be pleased at what he suggested; and when the next car came along going west he halted it and loaded everything in sight on board for a fresh air trip.

Arriving at the end of the road Mr. Cheeryble, or Uncle Josh, whoever he was, was soon in treaty with a saloon keeper for a bucket of lemonade.

"Not too sweet, you know, but with lots of ice."

The children and women drank it eagerly, and after enjoying, not a cool breeze, but a less torrid one than that which rose from the town pavements, Old Benevolence put them on a car and sent them home.

"How much did all that fun cost?"

"Three dollars for car fare and \$1 for lemonade. Oh, a fellow can do lots with \$4 if he tries." — *St. Louis Republic.*

(From Hotel Men's Guide, Philadelphia, May 21, 1891.)

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Animal Protector, Havre, France.
Bulletin of the S. P. A. Florence, Italy.
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
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